

PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1889.

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# EXTRA

## ALL THE LATEST NEWS

### SHAKY EVIDENCE.

Le Caron's Sensational Stories Melted Under the Cross-Fire.

Sir Charles Russell Forcing Admissions from the Spy.

Radicals Expelled for Joining the Parnell Movement—Big Money Paid the Informer by the Canadian and British Governments.

(BY CABLE TO THE PRESS ASSOCIATION.)

LONDON, Feb. 12.—The Parnell Commission assembled this morning. The small courtroom was inconveniently crowded.

Major Le Caron, or Beach, took his place on the witness stand, and his cross-examination was continued by Sir Charles Russell.

Mr. Davitt was present and watched the proceedings closely.

Sir Charles directed his questions to-day mainly to the career of the Major as a spy and paid agent of the British Government, and to the motives and inducements he had for giving his testimony before the Court.

Le Caron was forced to admit that he had received £500 per month for years from the British Government, and far more from the Canadian authorities; that he was still under pay of both, and that a considerable sum was due him.

It was expected that Mr. Davitt would also cross-examine the witness, but he did not do so.

The questions put by Sir Charles Russell were keen and searching, and important results were obtained.

Le Caron admitted that O'Kelly and Egan were expelled from a secret organization because they joined in the Parnell movement; that he made no report to the British Government of his alleged interviews with O'Kelly and Egan, although both were important, and that although, as he alleged, Parnell told him to see Deasy, Sullivan, Faneer and Hind, he made no report of his interviews with them to Parnell, although he testified he did see them.

The witness alleged as a reason for not reporting in this case that Egan had given instructions that he should report to him only.

The witness was glib, cool and collected. He contradicted none of the main points in his direct examination, but the admissions elicited from him discredited his entire testimony.

After recess the cross-examination of Le Caron was continued.

He said he had visited Europe five times since 1867, sometimes in a professional capacity and sometimes unofficially. He reported himself to the authorities on each occasion, except in 1867.

Neither Mr. O'Kelly nor Mr. Parnell had ever written to him.

Witness believed that O'Leary was a violent independent of the League.

Witness delivered sealed packets from Messrs. Devoy and O'Leary to Mr. Egan in Paris in 1881, and acknowledged that the security of the seals alone prevented him from opening the packets.

He again saw Mr. Egan in America in 1883. Later Mr. Egan introduced him to Mr. Parnell in the lobby of the House of Commons.

Conversations with Mr. Parnell and was complimented by him on his work.

The Irish Republican Brotherhood was then opposing Mr. Parnell.

Parnell complained of this opposition and said that the home and sister organization would have been crippled had they not obtained assistance from America.

At Mr. Parnell's request the witness saw Devoy and Sullivan and two others in America. He did not write the result of his conversations with these men to Mr. Parnell because he had not been so requested.

Sir Charles Russell, counsel for Parnell, and Sir Henry James, counsel for the Times, announced that they had agreed not to produce the documents which were the subject of the witness's £2,000 between February, 1888, and August, 1870.

The Government paid witness £2,000 between February, 1888, and August, 1870.

EJECTED FROM THE HOTEL.

MARY ANDERSON'S SCENIC ARTIST CAUGHT BEATING HIS WIFE, MISS RUSSELL.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

CHICAGO, Feb. 12.—Guests of the Commercial Hotel were startled last evening by screams from the parlor, and upon entering found a man beating a woman.

They proved to be W. F. Dorian, scenic artist for Mary Anderson, and his wife, known on the stage as Miss Clara Russell, also of the same company, who plays the part of "second lady."

Dorian was ejected from the hotel.

His wife says he has beaten her often lately. The cause is supposed to be jealousy.

Honest John Won't Change.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

BOSTON, Feb. 12.—John Morrill called on President Soden at his office yesterday afternoon for the purpose of finding out what the Transvaal intend doing with him the coming season.

Mr. Soden has always appreciated his old manager's worth and was glad to talk over the matter. What constituted the witness's £2,000 was not made known, but it is safe to say that Morrill feels confident of remaining with his first love for one more season at least.

Sensible People

will have nothing to do with "cure-alls"—medicines that are advertised to cure everything from diseases that a broken neck. Read the list of diseases that Dr. J. C. Stevens' Medical Discovery will cure: "Affections of the throat, liver, sore throat, bronchitis, asthma, catarrhs, tumors, and swellings caused by scrofula, skin diseases, and all the ailments of the system." This "cure-all" will really cure all these complaints simply because it purifies the blood, and they depend on the blood for the weak places of the body. By druggists.

# DOUBLE TO THE DEAD.

The Man Who Made the Sequel to Byron Anderson's Dream.

He Might Have Been the Risen Brother of the Dreamer.

The Living and the Dead Alike in Feature and in Name.

The letter which is appended has just been received by THE EVENING WORLD:

New York, Feb. 11, 1889.

To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:

I desire to have the dream recorded among those which THE EVENING WORLD is now publishing.

I lost my brother some years ago, Jan. 20, 1883.

While in business in Twenty-fifth street I had great need of an assistant, and had often expressed a wish that my brother had lived to be with me in my business.

On the night of Sept. 28 last I dreamed that my brother walked into my office and asked if I hadn't a position for him. This awakened me.

The next day, Sept. 29, I answered an "ad." which appeared in THE WORLD, of a young man who wanted a position in a real estate office, telling him to call with a specimen of his handwriting.

While sitting at my desk the next day, Sept. 30, the door opened and in came a young man so exactly like my brother in every respect that I involuntarily called him by my brother's name, "Arthur."

"That is my name, sir, but how is it that you know me?"

I then explained to him. It turned out that his name was the same as my brother's, Arthur W. Anderson, and still more strange, that even his signature and handwriting were the same. Inclosed you will find the letter of application and a note of my brother's dated Nov. 20, 1882, showing how exact the signatures are.

I send them as proof that my statement is truthful. Yours truly,

45 Broadway, Room 108.

Byron W. Anderson, the writer of the above letter, was found in his office by a reporter of THE EVENING WORLD. He is in the real estate and insurance business.

"The facts as stated in my letter," said Mr. Anderson, "are perfectly authentic, and I think the series of coincidences as there related is the strangest that I ever heard of. I have not yet recovered from the shock which that first sight of the young man gave me, although it happened nearly six months ago."

"Was the resemblance, no perfect, then?"

"Well, I have heard of doubles and I have seen twins so exactly alike that you could not tell them apart, but this was a case of an exact image."

I had the face of my brother in mind all that morning for having dreamed of him so recently, and when I turned around to tell my caller to sit down I could feel my hair begin to rise and cold chills ran up and down my back.

"It was the same well-built figure, for my brother was a good deal of an athlete; the same expression of face, the same black hair and mustache, and I could swear to the very twist of the latter that it was my own brother's."

I was going to take him up to my mother, but upon reflection I thought better of it and decided not to do so, for the effect upon my mother would have been too great."

"Did you employ the young man?"

"No. I could not bring myself to do that, for the whole thing seemed so uncanny that I could not bring myself to see him around."

About two weeks after he came in that morning, upon my advice, he started West for Kansas City. I gave him the letter to present in that city of the Adams Express Company, of which I had been a correspondent for many years, and I heard soon afterwards that my brother's double had obtained a good position in a bank of that city."

"He wrote me himself, and I have had several letters from him since he established himself in Kansas City. Thank you for the letter to see him."

He had a photograph of my brother and will send me it back, together with one of his own. I wish I had them here now to show you, for the likeness is so striking."

"Do you know anything of his antecedents?"

"I only know what he told me that he came from Glasgow, Scotland, and made his money in this country, for his family had been broken up by deaths. He had only been in this country two weeks when he advertised, and he said he wanted to go to some live and growing city."

"I declare, it seems to be almost a dream to me now. That I should have mistaken him for Arthur before I even knew his name, and then to find that his name was identical with that of my brother, almost stupefied me. And then the dream, too! I am not a believer in signs and omens, but this was too much, and I must confess that I was rattled."

"I found out, too, that there was only two months and two days' difference in the ages of my brother and this Anderson, which makes the coincidence still more astounding."

The fac similes of the signatures of the two Arthurs are given, so that our EVENING WORLD readers may note the striking similarity in the handwriting:

Arthur W. Anderson

Arthur W. Anderson

The lower autograph is that of the dead brother, taken from a note. The upper is that of the living Arthur.

Mr. Anderson is about thirty-three years of age and was younger than his brother Arthur, said that many of his friends would vouch for the perfect accuracy of his story.

He told it to many of them, and they all thought it the most singular thing they had ever heard of, but he did not think of giving it to the public until his attention was called to the Dream Tournament started by THE EVENING WORLD.

His Honeymoon Interrupted.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

BOSTON, Feb. 12.—When George L. Stevens was arrested in this city for selling mortgaged property last week, it now appears, his honeymoon was rudely disturbed after only a fortnight.

Three weeks ago Stevens was quietly married to the nineteen-year-old daughter of Joseph E. N. Davis, a Charleston newsagent.

He is forty-five years old and has buried three wives, but Miss Davis was attracted by his engaging manners, which also, while he was in a questionable real estate business, brought Stevens many victims in a financial way. The girl's father had opposed the marriage.

# HAS M'AUILLIFFE WON?

A Report That He Whips Meyer in Seventeen Rounds.

This Report Comes Unofficially from Chicago.

It Yet Remains to Be Substantiated and May Not Be True.

An unofficial report reached this city from Chicago this afternoon, stating that the fight between Jack McAuliffe and Billy Meyer took place this forenoon.

It is said that after a very hard struggle, lasting seventeen rounds, Meyer was knocked out. This report is not substantiated and is received in this city with considerable skepticism.

THE EVENING WORLD special representative is an official of the ring, and he has not yet sent any confirmation of the above report.

Of course many will be left out. The thousands who are making strenuous efforts to be at the ring, when the fight begins cannot all be accommodated, and the managers are scheming to leave the city with only those who are financially interested in the fight and the immediate friends of both sides.

The Eastern sporting men who are here say confidently that McAuliffe will win, when they express themselves, but every one who knows about the fight is very close-mouthed.

McAuliffe and his trainer, Billy Madden, are in the city lying very low, for they do not want to be surrounded by curiosity seekers.

McAuliffe was seen by THE EVENING WORLD correspondent this morning.

"I am feeling first rate," said Jack, when asked about his condition. "I weighed myself this morning and found the scales at 132 pounds and 6 ounces. I have been training hard and feel stronger than I ever did before."

"He is not at all rattled by the excitement of the match he created and takes the fight as a matter of course."

"Jack has given me some pretty hard knocks in our practice lately, and I suppose that he has heard of his right-handed upper cut, haven't you?"

"I have worked him pretty hard, and he is in good shape."

"It is all right," said Mr. Madden. "I think Jack will make the fight of his life. You have heard of his right-handed upper cut, haven't you?"

Well, and Mr. Madden rubbed his sore chin good-naturally.

At first the spectators viewed the contest with apprehensive eyes. A misstep on a treacherous floor, the slightest veering from the path, a failure of any part of a machine must result in disaster.

And it came on the second hour of the race had been completed. In a moment of carelessness Hilda Swallow, the most petite and comely of all the riders, walking for the moment by her niece, portended the wheel to get in the way of those behind her.

There is certainly enough of the element of excitement in the six-day bicycle race between a dozen fair wheelwomen at Madison Square Garden to make the contest exceedingly interesting.

The girls, perched on wheels larger than the driving wheels of a passenger locomotive, but light and flimsy as the air, are all eagerness in their efforts to outdo each other and to gain the plaudits of the spectators, and when it is considered that they are riding at a speed of twelve to sixteen miles an hour, and that they must, perforce, close upon one another on the forty-yard track, the danger of mishap is apparent.

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